A poore vnminded outlaw ſneaking home,
My father gaue him welcome to the ſhore:
And when he heard him ſweare and vow to God,
He came but to the Duke of Lancaſter,
To ſue his liuery and beg his peace.
With teares of innocency, and tearmes of zeale,
My father in kind heart and pitty mou'd,
Swore him aſſiſtance and perform'd it too.
Now, when the Lords and barrons of the realme,
Perceiu'd Northumberland did leane to him,
The more and leſſe came in with cap and knee.
Met him in Boroughs, Cities, Villages,
Attend him on bridges, ſtood in lanes,
Laid gifts before him, proffer'd him their oathes,
Gaue him their heirs, as pages followed him,
Euen at the heeles, in golden multitudes,
He preſently as greatneſſe knowes it ſelfe,
Steps me a little higher then his vow
Made to my father, while his bloud was poore,
Vpon the naked ſhore at Rauenſpurgh
And now forſooth takes on him to reforme
Some certaine edicts, and ſome ſtraight decrees
That lie to heauy on the common-wealth,
Cries out vpon abuſes, ſeemes to weepe
Ouer his Country wrongs, and by this face,
This ſeeming brow of iuſtice, did he winne
The hearts of al that he did angle for:
Proceeded further, cut me of the heads
Of al the fauourites that the abſent king
In deputation left behind him here,
When he was perſonall in the Iriſh warre.

Blunt Tut, I came not to heare this.

Hot. Then to the point.
In ſhort time after, he depos'd the King,
Soone after that, depriu'd him of his life,
And in the neck of that, task't the whole ſtate:
To make that worſe ſuffered his kinſman March,
(Who is, if euery owner were well plac'd,

Indeede

Indeede his King) to be ingag
There without ranſome to lie f
Diſgrac't me in my happy vict
Sought to intrap me by intellig
Rated mine vncle from the co
In rage diſmiſde my father fro
Broke othe on othe, committe
And in concluſion, droue vs to
This head of ſafety, and withal
Into his title, the which we fi
Too indirect for long continu

Blunt. Shal I returne this an

Hot. Not ſo, ſir Walter. VVe
Go to the King, and let there
Some ſurety for a ſafe returne
And in the morning early ſha
Bring him our porpoſe and ſo

Blunt. I would you would ac

Hot. And may be, ſo we ſha

Blunt. Pray God you do.

Enter Archbiſhop of Yorke,

Arch. Hie, good ſir Mighel, b
VVith winged haſt to the Lo
This to my cooſin Scroope, a
To whom they are directed. If
How much they do import, yo

Sir M. My good Lord, I ge

Arch. Like enough you do
To morrow, good ſir Mighel
VVherein, the fortune of ten
Muſt bide the touch. For ſir, a
As I am truely giuen to vnder
The King with mighty and qn
Meetes with Lord Harry, an
VVhat with the ſickneſſe of
VVhoſe power was in the fir
And what Owen Glendower
VVho with them was rated ſi

I

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE *Henry IV. Part 1* (STC 22283) LONDON, 1608 THE BRITISH LIBRARY (C.3